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Select Poetry.

THE FARMER---A SONG.

A farmer's life is the life for me,
I own I love it dearly;
And every season full of glee,
I take its labors cheerly—
To plough or sow,
To reap or mow,
Or in the barn to thrash. sir—
All's one to me,
I plainly see
'Twill bring me health and cash, sir.

The lawyer leads a harrass'd life,
Much like that of a hunted otter,
And 'tween his own and other's strife,
He's alway's in hot water—
For foe or friend,
A cause defend,
However wrong, must be, sir—
In reason's spite,
Maintain 'tis right—
And dearly earn his fee, sir.

The doctor's styled a gentleman,
But this I hold but humming;
For, like a tavern waiting man,
To every call "he's coming;"
Now here, now there,
Must he repair,
Or starve, sir, by denying;
Like death himself,
Unhappy elf;
He lives by others dying.

A farmer's life, then let me live,
Obtaining, while I lead it,
Enough for self, and some to give
To such poor souls as need it.
I'll drain and fence,
Nor grudge expense,
To give my land good dressing—
I'll plow and sow,
Or drill in row,
A hope from Heaven a blessing.

Select Tales.

OLD MYERS, THE PANTHER.

A Tale from Real Life in the Back Woods.

BY SEBA SMITH.

In a country like ours, of boundless forests, rapidly filling up with a growing and widely spreading population, the pioneers of the wilderness, those hardy and daring spirits who take their lives in their hands, and march in advance of civilization, into the wild woods to endure privations among the wild animals, and run the hazard of wild warfare among the savage tribes, form a very peculiar and interesting class. Whether it is a natural hardihood and boldness, and love of adventure, or a desire for retirement, or a wish to be free from the restraints of civilized society, that thus leads this peculiar class of people into the wilderness, it matters not now to inquire. Probably all these motives, in a greater or less degree, go to make up the moving principle.

At the head of this class is the renowned Daniel Boone, whose name will live as long as his own Kentucky shall find a place on the page of history. He was the great Napoleon among the pioneers of the wilderness. But there are many others of less note, whose lives were also filled with remarkable adventures, and curious and interesting incidents. Indeed, every State in the Union has had more or less of these characters, which go to make up the class. One of these was Old Myers, the Panther; a man of iron constitution of great power of bone and muscle, and an indomitable courage that knew no mixture of fear.

Four times, in four different States, had Myers pitched his lonely tent in the wilderness, among savage tribes, and waited for the tide of white population to overtake him; and four times had "pulled up stakes" and marched still deeper into the forest, where he might enjoy more elbow-room, and exclaim with Selkirk,

"I am monarch of all I survey—
My right there is none to dispute."

And now at the time of which we speak, he had a fifth time pitched his tent and struck his fire on the banks of the Illinois river, in the territory which afterwards grew up to a State of the same name.—Having lived so much in the wilderness, and associated so much with the aborigines, he had acquired much of their habits and mode of life, and by his location on the Illinois river, he soon became rather a favorite among the Indian tribes around him. His skill with the rifle and the bow, and his personal feats of strength and agility, were well calculated to excite their admiration and applause. He often took the lead among them in their games of sport. It was on one of these occasions that he acquired the additonal name of the Panther.

A party of eight or ten Indians, accompanied by Myers, had been out two or three days on a hunting excursion, and were returning, laden with the spoils of the chase, consisting of various kinds of wild fowl, squirrels, raccoons and buffalo-skins. They had used all their ammunition except a single charge, which was reserved in the rifle of the chief for any emergency of choice game which might present itself on the way home.—A river lay in way which could be crossed only at one point, without subjecting them to an extra journey of some ten miles round. When they arrived at this point, they suddenly came upon a huge panther, which had taken possession of the pass, and, like a skilful general confident of his strong position, seemed determined to hold it. The party retreated a little, and stood at bay for a while, and consulted what should be done.

Various methods were attempted to decoy or frighten the creature from his position, but without success. He growled defiance whenever they came in sight, as much as to say; "If you want this stronghold come and take it!" The animal appeared to be very powerful and fierce.—The trembling Indians hardly dared to come in sight of him, and all the reconnoitering had to be done by Myers. The majority were in favor of retreating as fast as possible, and taking the long journey of ten miles round for home; but Myers resolutely resisted. He urged the chief, whose rifle was loaded, to march up to the panther, take good aim and shoot him down; promising that the rest of the party would back him up closely with their knives and tomahawks in case of a miss-fire. But the chief refused; he knew too well the nature and power of the animal. The creature, he contended, was exceedingly hard to kill. Not one shot in twenty, however well aimed, would dispatch him; and if one shot failed, it was a sure death to the shooter, for the infuriated animal would spring upon him in an instant, and tear him to peices. For similar reasons every Indian in the party declined to hazard a battle with the enemy in any shape.

At last Myers, in a burst of anger and impatience, called them all a set of cowards, and snatching the loaded rifle from the hands of the chief, to the amazement of the whole party, marched deliberately towards the panther. The Indians kept at a cautious distance to watch the result of the fearful battle. Myers walked steadily up to within about two rods of the panther, keeping his eyes fixed upon him, while the eyes of the panther flashed fire, and his heavy growl betokened at once the power and firmness of the animal.—At about two rods distance, Myers levelled his rifle, took deliberate aim, and fired. The shot inflicted a heavy wound, but not a fatal one; and the furious animal, maddened with the pain, made but two leaps before he reached his assailant. Myers met him with the butt end of his rifle, and staggered him a little with two or three heavy blows, but the rifle broke, and the animal grappled him apparently with his full power. The Indians at once gave Myers up for dead, and only thought of making a timely retreat for themselves.

Fearful was the struggle between Myers and the panther, but the animal had the best of it at first, for they soon came to the ground, and Myers underneath, suffering under the joint operation of sharp claws and teeth, applied by the most powerful muscles! In falling, however, Myers, whose right hand was at liberty, had drawn a long knife. As soon as they came to the ground, his right arm being free, he made a desperate plunge at the vitals of the animal, and as his good luck would have it, reached his heart. The loud shrieks of the panther showed that it was a death-wound. He quivered convulsively, shook his victim with a spasmodic leap and plunge, then loosened his hold and fell powerless by his side. Myers, whose wounds were severe but not mortal, rose to his feet, bleeding and much exhausted, but with life and strength to give a grand whoop, which conveyed the news of his victory to his trembling Indian friends.

They now came up to him with shouting and joy, and so full of admiration that they were almost ready to worship him. They dressed and bound up his wounds, and were now ready to pursue their journey home without the least impediment. Before crossing the river, however, Myers cut off the head of the panther, which he took home with him, and fastened it up by the side of his cabin door, where it remained for years, a memorial of a deed that excited the admiration of the Indians in all that region. From that time forth they gave Myers that name, and always called him the Panther.

Time rolled on, and the Panther continued to occupy his hut in the wilderness, on the bank of the Illinois river, a general favorite among the savages, and exercising great influence over them. At last the tide of white population again overtook him, and he found himself once more surrounded by white neighbors. Still, however, he seemed loth to forsake the noble Illinois, on whose banks he had been so long a fixture, and he held on, forming a sort of connecting link between the white settlers and the Indians.

At length hostilities broke out, which resulted in the memorial Black Hawk War, that spread desolation through that part of the country. Parties of Indians committed the most wanton and cruel depradations, often murdering old friends and companions, with whom they had held long conversation. The white settlers, for some distance round, flocked to the cabin of the Panther for protection. His cabin was transformed into a sort of garrison, and was filled by more than a hundred men, women, and children, who rested almost their only hope of safety on the prowress of the Panther, and his influence over the savages.

At this time a party of about nine hundred of the Iroquis tribe were on the banks of the Illinois, about a mile from the garrison of Myers, and nearly opposite the present town of La Salle. One day news was brought to the camp of Myers, that his brother-in-law and wife, and their three children had been cruelly murdered by some of the Indians. The Panther heard the sad news in silence. The eyes of the people were upon him to see what he would do. Presently they beheld him with a deliberate and determined air, putting himself in battle array. He girded on his tomahawk and scalping-knife, and shouldered his loaded rifle, and at open mid-day, silently and alone, bent his steps towards the Indian encampment. With a fearless and firm tread, he marched directly into the midst of the assembly, elevated his rifle at the head of the principal chief present, and shot him dead on the spot. He then deliberately severed the head from the trunk, and holding it up by the hair before the awe-struck multitude he exclaimed, "You have murdered my brother-in-law, his wife and their little ones; and now I have murdered your chief. I am now even with you. But now mind, every one of you that is found here to-morrow morning at sunrise, is a dead Indian!"

All this was accomplished without the least molestation from the Indians. These people are accustomed to regard any remarkable deed of daring as the result of some supernatural agency; and doubtless so considered the present incident. Believing their chief had fallen a victim to some unseen power, they were stupified with terror, and looked on without even a thought of resistance. Myers bore off the head in triumph to his cabin, where he was welcomed by his anxious friends, almost as one returning from the dead.—The next morning not an Indian was to be found anywhere in the vicinity. Their camps were deserted, and they left forever their ancient haunts and their dead, and that part of the State was not molested by them afterwards.

The last account we have of Old Myers, the Panther, was in 1853. The old man was eighty years of age, but his form was still erect and his steps were firm; his eyes were not dim, nor his natural force abated. Up to that time he had remained on the banks of his favorite Illinois. But now the old veteran pioneer grew discontented. The State was rapidly filling up with inhabitants, and the forms and restraints of civilization pressed upon him. The wildness and freshness of the country were destroyed. He looked abroad from his old favorite hills, and he saw that in every direction the march of civilization had broken in upon the repose of the old forest, and his heart again yearned

"For a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach him more."

The old man talked about selling out and once more, "pulling up stakes" to be off.

"What?" said a neighbor, "you are not going to leave us, Father Myers, and take yourself to the woods again in your old age?"

"Yes," said Myers. "I cant stand this eternal bustle of the world around me.—I must be off in the woods where it is quiet, and as soon as I can sell out my improvements I shall make tracks."

The venerable "squatter" had no fee in the land he occupied, but the improvements on it were his own, and it was not long before a gentleman appeared who offered a fair equivalent for these, with a right to purchase the soil. The bargain was completed, and the money counted out, and the Panther began to prepare for his departure.

"Where are you going, Father Myers," said the neighbor.

"Well, I reckon," said the old Panther, "I shall go away off somewhere to the further side of Missouri; I understand the people haint got there yet, and there's plenty of woods there."

He proceeded to array himself for his journey. He put on the same hunting shirt which he wore when he killed the Indian chief. He loaded his rifle and girded on his tomahawk and scalping knife; and, having filled his knapsack with such articles as he chose to carry with him, he buckled it upon his shoulders, and giving a farewell glance round the cabin, he sallied forth and took the western road for Missouri. When he had reached a little eminence some rods distant, he was observed to hesitate, and stop and look back. Presently he returned slowly to the cabin.

"Have you forgot anything, Father Myers?" said the occupant.

"I believe," said the old man, "I must take the head of the panther along with me, if you have no objections."

"Certainly not," said the gentleman; "any personal matter you have a perfect right to."

The old man took down the dried up remains of the panther's head from the wall where it had hung for many years, and fastened it to his knapsack. Then taking one last lingering look of the premises, he turned to the occupant, and asked if he was willing he should give his "grand yell" before he started on his journey.

"Certainly, Father Myers," said the gentleman; "I wish you to exercise the utmost freedom in all personal matters before you leave."

At this the old Panther gave a long, and loud, shrill whoop, that rang through the welkin, and was echoed by forest and hills for miles around.

"There," said the old man; "now my blessing is on the land and on you. Your ground will always yield an abundance, and you will always prosper."

Then Old Myers, the Panther, turned his face to the Westward, and took up his solitary march for the distant wilderness.

MANNERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.—Rude were the manners then: man and wife ate off the same trencher; a few wooden-handled knives, with blades of rugged iron, were a luxury for the great; candles unknown. A servant girl held a torch at supper; one, or at most two, mugs of coarse brown earthen-ware formed all the drinking apparatus in a house. Rich gentlemen wore clothes of unlined leather. Ordinary persons scarcely ever touched flesh meat. Noble persons drunk little or no wine in summer—a little corn seemed wealth. Women had trivial marriage-portions—even ladies dressed extremely plain. The chief part of a family's expense was what the males spent in arms and horses, none of which, however, were either very good or very showy; and grandees had to lay out money on their lofty towers. In Dante's comparatively polished times, ladies began to paint their cheeks by way of finery, going to the theatre—and to use less assiduity in spinning and playing their distaff.—*History of the Order of St. John.*

THE WORLD A TRIBUNAL.—A man passes for that he is worth Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man know that he can do anything, that he can do it better than any one else, he has a pledge of the acknowledgement of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is guaged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is as well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school with better dress, with trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretentions. An older boy says to himself, "It's no use; we shall find him out to-morrow."—*Emerson.*

THINK.

Did you ever think? There are men who spends their lives without thinking or reflecting. When they speak, they utter the merest common placed ideas, which are in everybody's mouth. Nothing new or startling comes from them. People may not present new truths, but they may produce old ones in a new garb. Reflection will enable them to do this.—How few men of all that live and breathe are really capable of imparting information and instruction. The reason is obvious. It is not because they have small minds or are dull of comprehension. It is because they do not think. They never set themselves down to reflect and meditate. Are you of that number?—Can you impart no instruction by your voice or pen? No wonder you feel ashamed of your ignorance. Let this be the moment of reflection—of deep, serious thought—so that the future, like the past may not be a blank in your history.

AN INCIDENT IN MARRIED LIFE.—Some thirteen years since a couple of loving ones were married near this city, and soon after the husband went to sea. A few months passed, and the young wife received news that the ship in which her husband had sailed was lost at sea, and all hands had perished. This report was subsequently corroborated. Time rolled on, and after the lapse of some seven years the widow married an industrious mechanic, who for a long time past has been and still is employed by a firm in Cornhill. The marriage proved a happy one to both parties, and matters passed between them as pleasantly as could be desired until some days since, when, to their utter surprise, the first husband made his appearance and claimed his wife.—Legal counsel was consulted by both parties, and the result was that the wife felt herself compelled to return to her first husband; much to the regret of the second whose home is now desolate.—*Boston Journal.*

STATISTICAL.—The whole number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 3,064; 587 in Europe, 936 in Asia and 1,564 in America. The inhabitants of our globe profess more than 1,050 different religions. The average of human life is about 33 years. One-fourth part die previous to the age of 7 years; one-half before the age of 17; and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one-half of the human species. To every one million persons, only one reaches one hundred years of life; to every 1,000 only six reach the age of 86, and not more than one in 5,009 lives to 80 years of age.

A COSTLY MAN.—Bonaparte, by his wars, was the means, as is estimated, of destroying a million of lives. Pobably his wars cost a billion of dollars. Keeping him a prisoner on the island of St. Helena, cost the British government a million of pounds sterling. He died and was buried, and in 1840 his remains were taken to France, at a cost of $1,000,000.

THE HUNGARIAN REGALIA.

The *Temesvar Zeitung* gives a particular account of the recent discovery of the royal insignia of Hungary, the following summary of which is taken from the *New York Tribune:*

It was fully shown at the outset by Auditor T. Von Karger that Kossuth first took the insignia to Alt-Orsoua, but being unable with any degree of security to conceal them there, he took them to the Hercules Baths at Mahadia. Finding however still less opportunity to hide them there, he returned forthwith to Alt-Orsova, placed them in the house of a certain George Theodore, and finally, by the assistance of trustworthy persons, forwarded them at night across the Cserna, toward the Wallachian boundary on horses bought for the purpose. It was also rendered certain that companions of Kossuth had purchased on the same day at Alt-Orsova, tools for digging, and had at night left for the Cserna. The winter on the lower Danube having come on very early and covered the earth with snow a foot in depth, no search could be made for some months in the ground about Alt-Orsova, and when, in April, 1850, the snow and ice melted, all traces of any excavation had disappeared, and further research in this quarter was prevented, and the attention of those engaged in it turned to another part of the kingdom by the shrewdness of the Kossuth party, who secretly removed the private marks and signals to a different place.

Early last spring Karger was ordered to devote himself to the task of seeking the chest in which the insignia was deposited. He started on the principle that the secret could have been imparted to but few persons in order to attain any degree of security, and that they must have chosen some point which could easily be found again by them or their messengers even upon the lapse of years, and, further, that they could have crossed the Cserna by only one way, and that the place of concealment must be beyond that river, a region affording but few palces suited to their object Although a pretty thorough knowledge of the surface of this territory had been gained previously, a most thorough and careful examination was once more begun. This lasted several months in all wethers; and even throughout the clear moonlight nights of July and August. Every upturned clod every bush tree, broken branch, stone, rut or scratch in the earth was noted, the same spots were passed over and over again, by those engaged in the search, sometimes in one direction sometimes in another, now leaving the spot in despair of finding a clue, and yet, as if called back by some higher power, (says the Austrian writer,) returning again to the search. The result of all this research was the conviction that the tokens of the place of concealment must be found in some peculiar conformation of the earth or hills, or in some peculiar tree or trees.

Kargar concluded finally that the desired sign must be sought among the trees. Now began anew a careful examination of the entire wooded district, and at last in a solitary spot, almost hidden from the eye and not far from an old road untraveled for the last fifteen years, which once led to Wallachia, was noticed a clump of trees in which many branches had been lopped off or partially cut, and which on the whole presented somewhat the appearance of having been trimmed with some special object in view. Next it was noticed that branches lound entangled in the thorn bushes and in the branches of other trees belonged to the trees in the clump, which showed that those could not have been trimmed by the peasantry for fuel. In process of these examinations an elegant watch key was found and an axe handle, which indicated that a man of the better classes had assisted in the work. This, taken in connexion with the light and friable soil, the peculiar position of the trees, completely covered with creeping plants, the solitary position of the place, and yet its proximity to the Danube on the one hand and the Turkish-Servian boundary on the other, awakened in Karger's mind a feeling of the highest confidence that the place was found.

He had been instructed not to begin the work of removing the earth until he had unmistakable signs of having found the right place; but he was now so sure that on the 6th of September last a space of twenty square fathoms was marked out and men set to work examining it by digging ditches at intervals of a foot and a half, which were to be extended in each direction across the gore enclosed here in the bend of the river Allion, on which the clump of trees stood. On the 8th of September, at 8½ o'clock in the morning a man at work in the prolongation of the second ditch struck something which gave a metallic ring, and a moment later a well locked iron box was exposed, taken to a place of safety, opened by force, and the Austrians had once more the Crown of St. Stephen in their possession.

TO CURE POLL EVIL IN HORSES.—Mix Copperas and hogs lard, and simmer over the fire in a iron pot; with this rub the part affected plentifully, two or three times a week and let the hot sun drive it in. The application should be made before the disease has gone too far. Mind to keep rubbing till a cure is effected: it takes time.

TO PREVENT GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Put fine tobacco in the nest about a week before hatching, to drive off the lice, as it is the lice getting into their mouths and turning to worms, that gives the gapes.

JOHN VAN EATON.

Greene Co. O., Oct. 1853.

☞What Kind of a man do ladies like best? Why a *husband*-man of course.

SONG OF THE DECANTER.

There was an old decanter, and its mouth
was gaping wide! the
rosy wine had
ebbed away
and left
its crystal side;
and the wind
went humming,
humming
up and
down the
sides it flew
and through the
reed-like
hollow neck
the wildest notes it
blew. I placed it in the
window where the blast was
blowing free, and fancied that its
pale mouth sang the queerest strains
to me. 'They tell me—puny conquerors!—the plague has slain his ten, and war
his hundred thousands of the very best of men; but I,' 'twas thus the bottle spake, 'but
I have conqered more than all your famous
conquerors so feared and famed of yore.
Then come ye youths and maidens all,
come drink from out my cup, the beverage that dulls the brain and burns
the spirit up! that puts to shame
the conquerors that slay their
scores below; for he hath deluged millions with the lava
tide of wo. Though in the
paths of battle, darkest
waves of blood may roll;
yet while I killed the body
I have damned the very
soul. The cholera, the
plague, the sword, such
ruin never wrought, as
I, in mirth or malice on
the innocent have brought.
And still I breathe upon them,'
and they sink before my breath;
and year by year my thousands
tread the dismal road to death."

I HAVE SEEN.

I have seen the most worthless and lazy fellows dress the most fashionably.

I have seen the most talented young men turn tipplers and die drunkards.

I have seen men who boasted much of their wealth, who were not able to pay their tailor.

I have seen men who made much noise about their bravery and daring exploits; and

I have seen the same men run away from a goose.

I have seen men run in debt without any probability of being able to make payment.

I have seen a man who requested another to solicit him to become a candidate for office.

I have seen a man urging another to become a candidate; and

I have seen the same fellow vote against him at the election.

I have seen parents urging their children to marry against their inclination; and

I have seen a lovely young girl marry a rich old bachelor merely for his wealth; and

I have seen the same girl die broken-hearted within a year.

I have seen the young and beautiful, the talented, marry a dashing, brainless fop, because he too was rich; and

I have seen them, ever after, drag out a wretched, miserable existence.

AN OLD MAM.

☞'Young man, do you believe in a future state.'

'In course I does, and what's more I intend to enter it as soon as Betsey gets her wedding things ready.'

'You mistake me. Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishment?'

'Most assuredly. If I should cut nugs at a red headed woman, I should expect my hat indented by the first cistern pole she should lay her hands on.'

'Go to, young man, you are incorrigible. Go to.'

'Go two! If it wasn't for that law a gain bigamy darn if I wouldn't go a dozen. But who supposed Deacon, that a man of four years would give such advice to a person just starting in life?'

This took the Deacon down. Whether the conversation was renewed will not be known till our express arrives.

LIBEL SUIT.—H. H. Robinson, editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, says in his paper that he has employed Messrs. Pugh, Pendleton and Stanberry to institute suit forthwith, for $20,000 against Gen. F. Cary, of the Ohio Organ of Temperance Reform, for libel.

☞The locomotive *Portsmouth*, while nearing the depot with a heavy train, on Saturday evening last, burst one of her cylinder heads, and broke a piston rod. The accident has laid her up for a day or two.—*Daily Evening Tribune, Oct.* 17.

THE CLAY MONUMENT.—It is said there will be a noble monument erected to the memory of Henry Clay, in Kentucky, the State of his home and adoption. In Ohio, there has been two Subscriptions of $1,000 each by two citizens of this State, and $500 by a citizen of Mississippi, who refused to give his name Fayette county, Ky., has subscribed $15,000; Bourbon 5,000; Franklin more than this sum and others in proportion.

☞The Marietta Intelligencer says that Nathaniel Bishop, post-master at that place, refused to mail the Maine Law Messenger, published there, and declares that said paper shall not be sent through his office. This is certainly a singular and high-hand proceeding.—*Cin. Gaz*

CHIPS AND WHET-STONES.

A Clownish Trick.—It appears that Louis Napoleon has issued a decree forbidding the future exhibition of clowns, on the French stage. The Emperor who can 'bear no rival brother near the throne,' has evidently come to this determination from a conviction that no one is so well calculated to *play the fool.*

☞Miss Esther Felkener, about sixteen years of age, residing near Goshen, Ind., was shot through the heart, on Saturday last, by a reckless boy, who, in a spirit of fun, caught up a musket which had been loaded over a year, and aimed it at her, for the purpose of frightening her. He supposed because it had missed fire several times it would again.

A Good Reason.—"I say, printer, do you take Manhattan money?"

"No."

"What's the reason—ain't it good?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you take it then?"

"Can't get it."

Exempted.—Printers with nine children are to be exempt from taxation in the State of New York.

Very safe Legislation that. We would like to see the Printer who had anything to tax after feeding nine children.

☞How many fond mothers and frugal housewives keep their pretty daughters and preserves for some extra occasion, or for some "big bug" or other, until both turn sour. This seems to us marvellously poor economy.

A man being asked if he would like to live forever, replied, that, considering the state of the times, the cheating propensities of man, and the weakness of the Government, he would not care to live more than half of it!

Preaching.—When Dr. S. once preached at St. Jame's a bystander observed:—"He did better last year." "He did not preach at all last year," replied another. "The very thing I meant," answered he.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—There is now residing in Bowling Green, a woman of color, who it is said is the mother of 19 children, the youngest of whom is now in his 68th year.

☞It is impossible that a believer can keep the profession of his faith steadfast, unless he keep the exercise of his father constant.

Not so bad.—A lady at a party in town the other evening was asked what made her cheeks so unusually red, and she promptly replied, the *chaps.*

The best "female physicican" in the world is a husband. Nine cases out of ten, marriage will do a girl more good than any other medicine.

☞Few things are necessary for the wants of this life; but it takes an infinate number to satisfy the demands of opinion.

☞The man who 'entertained a proposition,' shortly after turned is guest out of doors as unworthy of hospitality.—Served him right.

☞The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

Why is a negro peeping through a knot hole, like a large body of water in Europe? Because it is the "Black Sea."

"Broomers," is the name which the Journal of Commerce gives to the ladies' long dresses which sweep the sidewalks.

☞Love is an idea—beef a reality.—The idea you can get along without; the beef you must have.

"Remember the poor." Oh, yes, we all remember them and—"don't do anything else."

☞"Take now this ring, 'tis thine, love," as the jailor said when he ironed his prisoner.

☞In Utah, they open their balls and dancing parties with prayers, and close with a benediction.

Convalescent.—The chap who was mortified that his Penitentiary stripes were not noticed in season.

☞The man who tied a knot in a cord of wood, wishes to know if you ever heard a hay-cock crow?

☞A Western editor says that modesty is a quality that highly adorns a woman and ruins a man.

☞The white hat season is rapidly drawing to a close.

☞The best way to measure a man's poverty, is to count the dogs he keeps.

☞The hearth-stone is the corner-stone of the Republic.

☞Beginning to look pale—The leaves of the forest.

☞Error hurts an empty head most as much as poison does an empty stomach.

Query?—Somebody asks what is more sole harrowing than pegs in one's boots?

Rather Ominous.—To be importuned by your young wife to get your life insured.

☞The minister who lost the thread of his discourse, has obtained a fresh skein.

Melancholy Sight.—A shoemaker who has lost his *all* and breached his *last.*

☞What can be worse than to have a tooth ache? To have two teeth ache, of course.

☞He that has a false end in his profession will soon come to an end of his profession.

☞We are commonly most careless when we should be most careful.